

# P O E M S,

CHIEFLY ON

## RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

INCLUDING

### A N E L E G Y

ON THE

*Death of the Late JOHN THORNTON, Esq.*

AND OF THE LATE

*Rev. Mr. ADAM, of Winteringham.*

---

BY JOHN FORSTER, SHOEMAKER,  
OF WINTERINGHAM IN LINCOLNSHIRE.  
LATE A PRIVATE IN THE N. LINCOLN MILITIA.

---

WITH A

### RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE,

*By the Rev. ROBERT STORRY,*

*Vicar of St. Peter's, Colchester.*

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

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## A NEW PREFACE,

*Written by a particular Friend of the Author.*

THE Author of the following Poems is a poor man, living in a village in a remote corner of the county of Lincoln, the place of his nativity. He is by trade a shoemaker; but having contracted a disorder in his loins in camp, when serving in the Militia, he is frequently disabled from working at his trade. When his complaint obliges him to lay down his awl, he then occasionally takes up his pen, to relieve his mind, by writing Poems on religious subjects.

He says, in one of his letters, wrote to a very kind friend, " If the Giver of all good gifts has  
" given me a talent for writing verses, by which  
" his goodness sees fit to lighten my heavy burdens, I do not employ it to the neglect of my  
" business, but to the relief of my mind in vacant  
" hours. My talent, such as it is, I owe to plain  
" common sense, Christian experience, and the  
" Word of God: these are my guides. What I  
" write, I write from impressions on my heart:  
" but these are not daily visitors; and when I  
" am able to follow my business, this talent for  
" writing in general ceases. As this talent is  
" not the calling in which Providence has placed  
" me, it serves only to fill up a vacant hour. I  
" think it far more honourable to be an honest  
" industrious man, than to be a writer of verses."

#### A NEW PREFACE.

This poor man has a sickly wife, little able (however willing) to assist him, and several children. He never had more than eight months' schooling; and his parents were, incapable, he says, of instructing him. He adds, that the Rev. Mr. ADAM presented him, when young, with *Dr. Watts's Songs for Children*, which gave his mind a serious turn, and was the means of drawing forth his talent, such as it is, for writing divine poems.

This poor but pious man's good character has recommended him to the attention of some charitable and humane persons, who have occasionally come forward to his relief, when so distressed by his painful complaint as to be unable to work at his trade.

To sum up his character in few words; he is an exemplary Christian, an honest, industrious, sober man, a tender husband, and affectionate father. Such a man, I should hope, is entitled to the notice of a generous and virtuous public; who, I presume, will not think a few shillings ill-employed in assisting a poor distressed man, struggling with poverty and a painful complaint, and whose humble virtues plead for their kind attention and friendly support.

# POEMS, &c.



## THE YOUNG SOLDIER,

OR

## NEW CONVERT.

**W**HEN first the rustic youth becomes  
Inscrib'd on our defensive roll,  
Th' enchanting sound of martial drums  
And trumps, and clarions, fire his soul.

With arms equipp'd he boldly sings,  
Ah! who shall Britain's prowess dare?  
Mounted on Fancy's airy wings,  
He deems himself a man of war.

But soon the gilded season's past,  
Behold him marshall'd on the field,  
Conflicting in the fiery blast  
Till reeking gore its horrors yield.

How stands the brave young hero now?  
His looks a solemn change descry;  
If Heav'n the victory don't bestow,  
He soon must faint, or fall, or fly.



So when the Christian volunteer  
 Avows allegiance to his Prince,  
 His flaming heart disdains to fear  
 That aught shall e'er command him thence.

With sanguine zeal and nature fill'd,  
 He sings the heart-deceiving lie,  
 " Tho' thousands basely quit the field,  
 " Yet, dearest Master, will not I."

Encompass'd with infernal spite,  
 And treach'rous enemies within,  
 He marches boldly to the fight,  
 Nor doubts but he the day shall win.

But ah ! how soon ere he's aware  
 His strength is perfect weakness found,  
 An arrow whistles in the air,  
 And lo ! he's frighted off the ground.

Or when to future trials brought,  
 And more experienc'd in the field,  
 Had he (if God supports him not)  
 A thousand souls, they all must yield.

Hence may I learn to boast no more,  
 Nor e'er my nature's efforts sing ;  
 But thankfully thine arm adore,  
 My glorious Leader, and my King.

## THE VETERAN SOLDIER,

OR THE EXERCISE OF

FAITH, HOPE, AND PATIENCE.

## P A R T I.

WERE we by some old warrior set,  
 And list'ning to his chequer'd tales,  
 We're taught at once by what he's met,  
 That patient courage best avails.

While inexperienc'd soldiers are  
 To sudden fear or rashness prone,  
 He's taught by long intrigues of war  
 To fight when seeming hopes are gone.

Some hard campaigns he has endur'd,  
 And many arduous battles fought ;  
 To interchanging scenes inur'd,  
 To cold, to hunger, and to drought.

Wean'd from the joys that sense invites,  
 And all she fondly calls her own,  
 With temp'rance and with zeal he fights,  
 Nor faints whilst Cæsar wears the crown.

'Tis thus the faithful saint of God,  
 While marching thro' this wilderness,  
 Combats the dangers of the road,  
 Arm'd with the panoply of grace.

He meditates immortal joys,  
 And scorns to lay his armour down,  
 Till God shall (far above the skies),  
 His faith, and hope, and patience, crown.

## P A R T II.

THE Lord of hosts, his saints to try,  
 Leads them thro' conflicts and alarms,  
 His matchless grace to magnify,  
 And make them more expert in arms.

On mountain tops and lonely vale  
 The Christian meets with conflicts sharp;  
 His songs and sighs by turns prevail,  
 The conq'ring palm, and willow'd harp.

The world with ever-changing front,  
 On right or left its force employs,  
 But faith sustains the fiery brunt,  
 And patience waits the promis'd joys.

When his intestine foes arise,  
 A black and formidable fight,  
 Swift from the hills his succour flies,  
 And vict'ry in the Spirit's might.

When recent wounds his soul receives,  
 And painful agonies endure,  
 By faith apply'd the healing leaves  
 Allay the smart and work the cure.



When darkness veils his mental skies,  
 And storms and tempests o'er him roll,  
 Then faith the place of sense supplies,  
 And patient hope supports his soul.

When deadness seems his heart to fill,  
 Nor peace nor war his bosom move,  
 Faith mounts the line of duty still,  
 And rests on God's unchanging love.

### P A R T III.

EXPERIENCE, and the written word,  
 The Christian's magazine they be,  
 With arms, and strength, and wisdom stor'd,  
 For healing and for victory.

Here faith repairs her dinted blade,  
 Hence hope surveys her starry prize,  
 Patience becomes divinely stay'd,  
 And ev'ry grace to vigor rise.

Tho' coward nature oft complains,  
 Wishing the long campaign was o'er;  
 Yet faith (if God some honor gains)  
 Would dare to bear a thousand more.

Fighting the battles of the Lord,  
 Soldiers of God no pains decline,  
 Supported by the faithful word,  
 And an Almighty arm divine.

In patient hope he marches on,  
 Till God shall all his foes o'ercome ;  
 'Till angels shout " The vict'ry's won,"  
 And sing the faithful warrior home.

Take courage, then, and play the man,  
 Nor e'er, my soul, give way to fear ;  
 Thy God who leads his army's van,  
 Will conquer for the feeble rear.

### LORD'S DAY MORNING.

**I**NSPIRE my tongue, immortal King,  
 To bless thy glorious name ;  
 And warm my bosom, whilst I sing,  
 With love's celestial flame,

Once more the sacred morning smiles ;  
 My soul the blessing greet ;  
 It calls thee from inferior toils,  
 To rest, divinely sweet.

Thus far thine hand has brought me thro',  
 Nor will thy love decline  
 From those who to thy precepts bow,  
 And in thy service join.

Encourag'd by thy faithful word,  
 I'll to thy courts repair,  
 To number o'er thy mercies, Lord,  
 And worship in thy fear.

My sorrows and corroding cares  
 I'll gladly leave behind;  
 And give my unbelieving fears  
 (As fruitless) to the wind.

O give me, Lord, the hearing ear,  
 An heart that understands;  
 A soul, that does thy will revere,  
 And follows its commands.

With pity's softest eyes behold  
 Thy pilgrims in their race,  
 And bless the shepherds of thy fold  
 With thine abundant grace!

And when my labours all shall cease,  
 And Sabbaths here shall end,  
 May I in worlds of heavenly bliss  
 A rest eternal spend.

## LORD'S DAY EVENING.

**I**NFINITE sums of gratitude  
 I owe to Thee my gracious God,  
 Whose bounty doth my griefs beguile  
 By mingling comforts with my toil.

This day thy table has been spread  
 With costly wines, and living bread,  
 Treasures of grace to finners given,  
 And starry crowns reserv'd in heaven.



The comforts which thy gospel brings,  
 Surpasses far created things ;  
 'Till here the humble poor obtain  
 A rich reversion for their pain.

Still near this board may I be found,  
 Long as I tread this earthly ground,  
 Nor would I envy those who share  
 In sinful ease, and sumptuous fare.

With showers divine and chearing rays  
 Refresh the gardens of thy grace ;  
 Nor may the trees by patience prun'd,  
 Be fruitless in the vineyard found !

For blessings civil and divine  
 May I my grateful praises join ;  
 For food and raiment, health and friends,  
 And all thy sweet compassion sends.

Now let thy pardons be renew'd,  
 And wash my duties in thy blood,  
 That, Lord, beneath thy smile I may  
 Close up the evening of thy day !

Serene, with thy protection blest,  
 I lay me down and take my rest ;  
 And if thy will my days prolong,  
 Still may thy mercies be my song.

ON THE  
DEATH OF A CHILD.

**H**E's gone ! the fair Elyfian flow'r !  
In fmiling innocence he fled ;  
Sprang up and wither'd in an hour,  
He refts amongst the peaceful dead.  
When Heaven forbad a longer ftay,  
The fweet fojourner haftes away.

Array'd in robes of pureft white,  
He on the golden pavement ftands,  
And fings with ever-new delight  
Amidft the bright feraphic bands,  
A fong of everlasting praife  
To Jefu's love and fovereign grace.

Hail ! highly blefs'd, releas'd from woe,  
Thy parent's joy and dear defire ;  
May they, when they their heads fhall bow,  
And in thy Saviour's arms expire,  
Meet thee who art before them gone,  
With joy around thy heav'nly throne.

As when the fun array'd in gold,  
After the tempefts of the day  
Refulgently its beams unfold  
To make the fmiling evening gay ;  
So may their mortal day decline  
Cloudlefs, in peace, and all divine !

*What dost thou here, Elijah ?*

“**W**HAT dost thou here, dejected faint?”  
Elijah’s God demands ;

“ My name alone revives the faint,  
“ And for salvation stands.

“ ’Tis not in groves and caves to yield

“ What thy best thoughts approve ;

“ Then why so soon with reasonings fill’d

“ As to distrust my love ?

“ Do not I rule in heav’n and hell,

“ In earth, and sea, and skies ?

“ Then what the rage of Jezebel,

“ But vanity and lies !

“ Once more the glorious toil renew,

“ And on mine arm depend ;

“ Finish the task assign’d, and thou

“ Shalt to thy rest ascend.”

With accents sweet, and mercy mild,

The dear forgiving Lord

Pitied the weakness of his child,

And cheer’d him with his word.

So when my heart with fears oppress’d,

Would duty’s path decline,

With this re-call may I be blest,

This call, dear Lord, of thine !



*Rest to a laboring Man is sweet.*

**T**IR'D nature's restorer, how sweet  
 Thy visit her loss to repair;  
 How welcome the friendly retreat  
 To labor, and sorrow, and care!  
 How safe, Lord, and happy is he  
 Who beating these dangerous seas,  
 Can find an asylum in Thee,  
 And rest on a pillow of peace!

No starting forebodings of mind  
 Disturb his refreshing repose,  
 His heart is from evil refin'd,  
 No terror of conscience he knows.  
 Tho' lodg'd in a cottage he is,  
 From glitt'ring distinctions afar,  
 Yet God is his portion and bliss,  
 And angels his guardians are.

Tho' here he's in trials and straits,  
 And often misconstru'd by man,  
 Yet patient the evening he waits,  
 The rest that's eternal to gain.  
 How pleasant and sweet it will be,  
 When crown'd with a final release,  
 An end of his labors to see,  
 And rest in the chambers of bliss!

O may I this blessedness share,  
 And what I now covet become,  
 To be of salvation an heir,  
 Tho' exil'd a season from home.  
 These eyes which but seldom are dry,  
 By sorrow forbidden to close,  
 Should wake in a rapture of joy,  
 Or rest in a peaceful repose.

*Danger of Ease and Affluence ; or the Blessed-  
 ness of Labor and Content.*

O What an unsuspected snare  
 Lies often hid in sumptuous fare,  
 And nature's pleasing rest !  
 'Twas this that let the tempter in,  
 Which hurried on from sin to sin,  
 The man so highly blest.

Nor are the sons of wealth alone,  
 Who rise in fame or fill the throne,  
 The only victims slain ;  
 This heart, this treach'rous heart of mine,  
 Tho' flush'd with neither wealth nor wine,  
 As foolish is, and vain.

The Christian state for conflict is,  
 And if unactive and remiss  
 I basely neutral stand ;  
 'Tis then I tempt the tempting foe,  
 Who always has a work to do  
 For every idle hand.

O may I then with steady will  
 The duties of the day fulfil,  
 Nor dare the cross to shun ;  
 Lest into sin surpriz'd I fall,  
 And drench'd in wormwood, and in gall,  
 For ever be undone.

For poverty nor riches I  
 Would dare to wish, nor yet deny —  
 When they're in mercy sent ;  
 Whatever be my outward case,  
 Give me but, Lord, the needful grace,  
 Therewith to be content.

Ne'er should I then the want regret  
 Of ease, or health, or dainty meat,  
 While such a feast was nigh :  
 In peace my fleeting days would pass,  
 And I thy gracious will embrace,  
 Without a murm'ring sigh.

## THE FLOWER.

*Sent to a pious and mournful Mother, on the death  
 of a beloved and hopeful Son, of twelve years of  
 age.*

**W**HEN we the flow'ry fields survey,  
 Or some selected plant behold,  
 A thousand sweets their charms display  
 From hues of ivory and gold.



But ah! what frail delights are they,  
 Vouchsafing but a transient smile;  
 Nor can we ascertain their stay  
 By vigilance or active toil.

How often ere the night is past,  
 Or ere bright Phœbus gilds the east,  
 Some nipping unexpected blast  
 Deprives us of the lovely guest.

'Twas thus the dear Elysian flow'r  
 His flight precipitately took,  
 He bloom'd on earth a morning hour,  
 And then this darksome vale forsook.

Nor say he vanish'd immature,  
 Surviving hope forbids the thought;  
 If grace by means a soul can cure,  
 He's to the blissful mansions caught.

Far from this vile enchanting ground  
 Where pleasure's bait her thousands kill,  
 He has a blest asylum found  
 Beyond the reach of tempting ill.

Perhaps the Lord, whose watchful eyes  
 Beholds distinct whate'er we want,  
 Foresaw some storm tempestuous rise,  
 And timely hous'd your tender plant.

Methinks your heart obsequious cries,  
 My gracious God, "Thy will be done;"  
 "Accept my son in sacrifice,  
 "And in my heart reveal thy own."

When Jacob, long dissolv'd in tears,  
 Ne'er dream'd to see his darling more,  
 Joseph again at length appears,  
 And lovelier than he was before.

So when this night of doubt is o'er,  
 And storms and tempests cease to beat,  
 The Lord will yours improv'd restore,  
 Adorn'd with charms divinely sweet.

## GRATITUDE FOR MERCIES,

SPECIAL AND COMMON.

COME let us join the blest above,  
 Who have obtain'd the prize;  
 And on the pleasing wings of love  
 To joys celestial rise.

But oh the depths of Jesu's grace,  
 So infinitely kind,  
 Transcend the noblest of our lays,  
 Or fervors of the mind.

When we in sin and sorrow lay,  
 And lost in all our pow'rs,  
 He gave his own dear life away  
 To ransom those of ours.

He does our feeble souls defend,  
 And when we turn aside,  
 Does his good word and spirit send  
 To strengthen and to guide.

The sabbath he to us has giv'n,  
 A pledge of that to come,  
 To lead us to our rest in heav'n,  
 The weary pilgrim's home.

The emblems of his dying love  
 A thousand charms display,  
 To raise our minds to things above,  
 And soothe our griefs away.

E'er since the dawn of life, he's been  
 Our constant succ'rer still,  
 And thro' the windings yet unseen  
 We'll trust his care and skill.

For favors so divine and free,  
 May we our all resign,  
 A grateful sacrifice to be,  
 Dear Lord, for ever thine.

Thus may we, till our days are past,  
 Delight to bless thy name;  
 And while eternal ages last  
 Renew the blissful theme.

## THE COMPLAINT.

**L**ONG in the gospel school have I  
 A dull proficient been;  
 My knowledge of the truth how dry,  
 How little felt within!



How formal in the house of prayer,  
And impotent my will !  
How lifeless my affections there,  
And void of pious zeal !

How little does my conscience know  
Of sin's deceitfulness ;  
How little does my bosom glow  
With holy joy and peace !

The fairest of ten thousand fair  
How little priz'd by me !  
How little of his life I share,  
Or of his beauty see !

How little on that milk I feed,  
The word of life sincere !  
And O how lifeless is my creed  
In all that's written there !

How little do the things unseen  
Affect my puny faith !  
How thick the veil which hangs between,  
And binds me to the earth !

How little does my life adorn  
The cause which I would own !  
Or melt opposing rage and scorn  
By love and meekness down !

How little does my bosom burn  
With love's celestial flame !  
That all the world to God may turn  
And glorify his name !

The pious shepherds and the sheep  
 Now militating here,  
 How little on my heart I keep  
 In never-ceasing prayer !

In every duty how lukewarm  
 Or negligent I am !  
 They're but at best a lifeless form  
 Without the hallow'd flame.

How sin defiles in every part,  
 And spreads throughout the whole !  
 Thro' every fibre of my heart,  
 And faculty of soul.

My very washings in that blood  
 Which flow'd to purge my stain,  
 Needs, O my all-atoning God !  
 To be wash'd o'er again.

If one good word or work would buy  
 A mansion near thy throne,  
 Not one, (despairing,) I must cry,  
 Not one, have I, not one !

Condemn'd I fall before thy face,  
 The chief of sinners spare ;  
 My only refuge is thy grace,  
 And no where else but there.

And while to this relief I flee,  
 My guilty soul to screen,  
 I still would, Lord, obedient be,  
 Nor licence take to sin.

## MUTABILITY.

O H! what a whirl of changes run  
 Successive thro' this mortal state;  
 How oft has pleasure's gilded noon  
 Been clouded o'er with grief as great!

When faith the joys unseen descry,  
 And to the saint a foretaste brings,  
 He spurns the earth and longs to fly  
 Away from all created things.

But ah! how soon the human heart,  
 When this transporting glimpse is o'er,  
 Acts still again the earthly part,  
 And licks the dust it spurn'd before.

One sabbath he delighted treads  
 The ground where sacred truths distil;  
 The next a stupid languor spreads,  
 And all is labouring up the hill.

To-day he thinks his mountain strong,  
 And mighty deeds and victories boast;  
 To-morrow tunes a mournful song,  
 And gives his all away for lost.

To-day he kindly mourns his sin,  
 And melting flow his contrite tears;  
 To-morrow obdurate within,  
 He neither loves, nor hopes, nor fears.



One day he seems resign'd to bear  
 His destin'd lot of chastisement;  
 The next his fickle passions veer,  
 And all is gloom and discontent.

Lord what a chequer'd state is this,  
 While yet the body is our home!  
 But 'tis the path to lasting bliss,  
 Where no beclouding changes come.

O for a persevering faith  
 Which stedfast keeps the soul above;  
 That credits what Jehovah saith,  
 And rests in his unchanging love!

## M O R N I N G.

**O**NCE more, my soul, the pleasing light  
 Salutes thy waking eyes;  
 Once more thy mercies, Lord, invite  
 My grateful sacrifice.

What numbers have resign'd their breath  
 Since the last closing day!  
 Whilst mine has been preserv'd from death,  
 As much expos'd as they.

Whilst numbers with diseases pain'd,  
 Have counted ev'ry hour,  
 My flesh in slumbers safe remain'd  
 Beneath thy shelt'ring pow'r.

Whilst thousands for these gifts bestow'd,  
 Ne'er bend the grateful knee,  
 May I, O my preserving God!  
 Devote my life to thee.

O may I ever walk and live  
 Dependent on thy care,  
 Who ever wilt thy blessing give  
 To diligence and prayer!

O may thy statutes be my guide,  
 And to my labours join  
 An heart content and satisfy'd,  
 A will resign'd to thine!

Then shall my life (expos'd to toil)  
 Be with thy favour blest,  
 By day enjoy thy chearing smile,  
 By night, a peaceful rest.

## EVENING.

**H**OW kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
 How infinite, and free!  
 Fain would my lips the sum record,  
 And give the praise to thee.

While multitudes unthankful rise,  
 And prayerless close the day,  
 May I my humble sacrifice  
 Of prayer and praises pay!

Sustain'd by thine upholding hand  
 (Thou length'ner of my days!)  
 I to this precious moment stand,  
 A monument of grace.

In dangers, deaths, and toils, and cares,  
 Which ever wait to kill,  
 Thy love, and long forbearance spares  
 Thine helpless creature still.

These sweet sensations to my mind  
 An healing balsam brings,  
 Now I my labors have resign'd  
 To hide me in thy wings.

Forgive, dear Lord, my ev'ry sin,  
 And sweeten my repose;  
 Safety and rest are gifts of thine,  
 Who ev'ry good bestows.

Prepare me for thy sov'reign will,  
 And if the morn I see,  
 O may mine eye be ever still  
 Directed unto thee!

## FOUR SORTS OF HEARERS.

### I. *THE WAY-SIDE.*

**A** Way-side hearer I  
 Alas! for years have been;  
 My heart remains as dry  
 As callous, as unclean;



Nothing but nature's growth appears,  
Pernicious weeds and worthless tares.

When on the wretched soil  
The grain divine descends,  
Mock'd is the sower's toil,  
By crowding thoughts and fiends;  
As birds that greedy hunt their prey,  
They bear the precious feed away.

Great Husbandman divine !  
I mourn my woful case ;  
No hand, dear Lord, but thine,  
Can change an heart so base ;  
Thou only canst the soil renew,  
Softens and make it fruitful too.

The grace prolific give,  
And thy designs fulfil ;  
And let me die or live  
Devoted to thy will.  
The desert then shall blossom fair,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

## 2. *THE STONY GROUND.*

ON different soils the word of life  
Is by the heav'nly Seedsmen sown ;  
Yet few there be that grow and thrive,  
To God a crop maturely mown !

Some stony hearts, and such is mine,  
 Produce an instantaneous blade;  
 Awhile amid the fields they shine,  
 With zeal and confidence array'd.

Their passions touch'd as hasty rains  
 Deluge the earthy surface o'er;  
 While unimpres'd the heart remains,  
 As hard and senseless as before.

They have no piercing sense of sin,  
 How it corrupts and taints the whole;  
 No root of faith have they within,  
 Which only can sustain the soul.

So when the scorching sun is up,  
 It soon exhales their floating joys,  
 Deprives the Reaper of his hope,  
 And all the verdant scene destroys.

My stony heart to flesh convert,  
 And form it, Saviour, to thy praise:  
 For love, Almighty love, thou art,  
 And all-sufficient is thy grace.

### 3. *THE THORNY GROUND.*

MY heart is, Lord, a wretched soil,  
 To cares and pleasures prone;  
 Nor can it but my hopes beguile,  
 Tho' by the gospel sown.

I sit beneath the blissful sound,  
 But seem to hear in vain ;  
 These poisonous thorns infest the ground,  
 And choke the rising grain.

When in thy house thou deign'st to smile,  
 I sing my cares away ;  
 But oh ! alas ! within awhile  
 The world usurps the sway !

To whom for help shall I repair,  
 But, Lord, to thee alone ?  
 On thy kind breast I'd place my care,  
 And bid the world be gone.

Give me to wait thy sov'reign will,  
 And persevere to mourn,  
 'Till thou my foes completely kill,  
 And root out every thorn !

#### 4. *THE GOOD GROUND.*

WHERE erst a barren desert wild  
 With painful steps and hopes beguil'd  
 I us'd with fear to trace,  
 Pleas'd I behold the alter'd ground,  
 And joy to see where nature frown'd,  
 A field adorn'd with grace.



Tell me, my guardian angel, tell,  
 How came it thus to look so well,  
     Since none to good are prone?  
 Some hand, some gracious hand divine,  
 Jesus the work is worthy thine—  
     Thine is the work alone.

'Tis thine the beaten road to till,  
 And with the seed celestial fill,  
     And guard it with thy fear:  
 'Tis thine the stony to convert,  
 To give the new believing heart,  
     And grace to persevere.

'Tis thine to clear the thorny foil,  
 Where worldly cares and pleasures vile  
     The tender growth preclude:  
 The Spirit of thy grace subdues,  
 And fits it for thy glorious use,  
     Divinely blest and good.

Meet to receive the heav'nly feed,  
 The soul from Satan's thralldom freed,  
     And sin's bewitching bait;  
 Delights to read and hear the word,  
 Frequent the table of the Lord,  
     And sit at Wisdom's gate.

'Tis thus the fruits of righteousness,  
 Humility, and every grace  
     In rich abundance rise;  
 Some thirty, some an hundred fold,  
 Diff'rent degrees, as we are told,  
     Delight thy gracious eyes.

O what a soul-transporting fight !  
 Give me to view it with delight,  
     'Till chang'd the bliss to prove ;  
 Then will my heart, this barren field,  
 An harvest rich with patience yield,  
     From roots of faith and love.

*Joseph's Invitation to Jacob, Gen. 25. Or, God  
 the Saint's Refuge.*

**W**HEN God beheld the gracious man  
     By famine fore oppress'd,  
 How swift divine compassion ran  
     And charm'd his fears to rest !

Thus saith the darling of thine eyes,  
     Thy long-lamented son,  
 Egypt, by favor of the skies,  
     Is now become my own.

A blessing so divinely great  
     May puzzle human thought ;  
 Behold on thee the waggons wait,  
     Come down, and tarry not.

Regard not aught of all thy stuff,  
     Lo, treasur'd in my hands  
 Are ample stores, and large enough  
     To answer all demands.

O 'tis enough, then, Israel said,  
 I see the hand divine ;  
 Joseph shall tend my dying bed,  
 And close these eyes of mine.

Thus have the saints in every age  
 In God their refuge found,  
 And still his pow'rful arms engage  
 To shield them safe around.

In famine, war, or pestilence,  
 Whatever them betide,  
 His faithfulness is their defence,  
 And always will provide.

Him may my feeble soul address  
 In every trying hour,  
 Nor dare to doubt his willingness,  
 Or to distrust his pow'r.

*Regard not your Stuff; Or, Jesus our Joseph.*

**J**ESUS, the Lord of earth and sky,  
 Our Joseph and our friend,  
 Appears the flowing tears to dry,  
 And all our griefs to end.

His voice than music sweeter far,  
 In every boasted strain,  
 Addresses now the list'ning ear,  
 So oft address'd in vain.



Come, hungry, sorrowful, and poor,  
 Who long on air have fed,  
 Haste to the gospel's ample store,  
 And feast on living bread.

Regard not aught ye call your own,  
 'Twill but retard your pace;  
 The stuff that nature dotes upon,  
 Is a sure foe to grace.

Your righteous and unrighteous deeds  
 Must hence be all foregone;  
 None but an empty soul succeeds  
 To what my love has done.

The riches of unbounded grace  
 Are treasur'd in my hand,  
 Life, pardon, peace, and righteousness,  
 The good of all the land.

On you the gospel waggons wait,  
 Those statutes good, of mine,  
 Shall your obedient souls translate  
 To plenitude divine.

O, 'tis enough, our hearts reply,  
 Since, Lord, thou liv'st above,  
 We haste to see thee, (when we die,)  
 Upon a throne of love.

E'en when we're trav'ling in the road,  
 Nor would we wish to stay;  
 The dear provision of our God  
 Attracts our hearts away.

Gladly we would the way pursue,  
 And when the word is giv'n,  
 Our willing heads we then shall bow  
 To see thy face in heav'n.

THE HARVEST OF GRACE,  
 AND  
 SUMMER OF LIFE.

**T**HE blessings of thy gospel, Lord,  
 The harvest is thou dost afford,  
 Whence sinners indigent as I  
 May reap a bountiful supply.

This life's the short uncertain span,  
 The summer thou vouchsaf'st to man;  
 But if we sleep the season o'er,  
 We must the awful loss deplore.

We too, like Israel, shall lament  
 The harvest o'er, the summer spent;  
 Life, and the day of mercy gone,  
 And we have not salvation known.

O may we, whilst the minutes stay,  
 Secure the bounties of the day,  
 Improve the gifts so freely given,  
 And store divine lay up for heaven.

Then shall we share the reaper's joy,  
 In the blest garner of the sky;  
 And sing aloud in endless songs  
 The praise that to thy grace belongs.

A D D R E S S  
 TO THE  
 SONS OF BELIAL.

**Y**E hapless sons of wine and song,  
 Who dance the downward road along,  
 To you the verse I send;  
 Nor deem the muse severe, unkind,  
 While she directs to joys refin'd,  
 And pleasures without end.

Tho' roses now bestrew the road,  
 'Tis but a gay revolt from God,  
 The central point of bliss;  
 All they who in the path endure,  
 The written word proclaims it sure,  
 Shall of salvation miss.

Oh what are all the joys of sense?  
 Can dreams of pleasure recompence  
 A loss so infinite?  
 When death arrests poor guilty souls,  
 Will wanton lays and jovial bowls  
 Administer delight?



Oh dare with Belial's fons no more  
 To prostitute the pleasing pow'r  
     To insolence and wine ;  
 If well ye know the tuneful skill,  
 Devote it to your Maker's will  
     In melody divine.

Taste but his love's chaste hallow'd fire,  
 And this will raise your passions higher  
     Than all created things ;  
 'Tis this the saints on earth possess,  
 An holy feed, a chosen race,  
     Of joyful priests and kings.

When your delights all sink apace,  
 And leave but darkness and disgrace,  
     Their lamp shall brightly glow :  
 The obvious truth will then appear,  
 Who were the wisest, happiest here,  
     The men of grace, or you.

Say, will ye then, like Esau, lose  
 The blessing, and destruction choose  
     In pleasureable sin ?  
 Or will you, with the honour'd few,  
 Substantial happiness pursue,  
     And heav'n on earth begin ?

## A F F L I C T I O N S,

THEIR CAUSE AND USE.

A FFLICTIONS spring not from the earth,  
 Nor of blind chance arise ;  
 'Tis sin that gives the num'rous birth  
 Of human maladies.

Yet these are servants, Lord, to thee,  
 Beneath thy ruling hand ;  
 Legions of fierce diseases flee,  
 Or come at thy command.

Not one of all the griefs we feel,  
 But notic'd is in heav'n ;  
 Weigh'd out with an unerring skill,  
 And in compassion giv'n.

Why should the living then complain,  
 Or murmur out of hell ?  
 Can sufferings overweigh our sin ?  
 Oh, 'tis impossible !

Submissive may we then endure  
 Our lot of chastisement ;  
 A sov'reign antidote, to cure  
 Our evils, or prevent.

We would be Lord to thee resign'd,  
 But, oh, our wayward will  
 Prevents the gracious ends design'd,  
 And leaves us murm'ring still.

O may we then receive the stroke,  
 Nor wish it to decline,  
 Till our rebellious will is broke  
 And melted into thine !

## ISRAEL BY THE WILLOWS.

'T WAS by the streams of Babylon  
 The pious exiles mourn'd,  
 When all the joys they deem'd their own  
 Were into wailing turn'd.

Their harps so us'd to sacred sound,  
 By painful grief unstrung,  
 Silent, alas ! they then were found,  
 And on the willows hung.

Meanwhile reply'd insulting tongues,  
 To raise their anguish higher,  
 " Come sing us one of Sion's songs,  
 " Come strike the tuneful lyre."

How shall we songs of Sion sing  
 Beneath affliction prest ?  
 Or modulate the sacred string  
 To please a carnal taste ?

But if in songs our souls we raise,  
 In this obscure abode,  
 Jerusalem shall have the praise,  
 The city of our God.



As blessings brighten in decline,  
 And charm when they are gone ;  
 So surely will the light divine,  
 When sets the gospel sun.

Yet will the Lord to souls sincere  
 Restore his wonted grace,  
 Regard the mourner's contrite tear,  
 And shew his smiling face.

Taught by the Lord's chastizing hand  
 To mourn their follies past,  
 Till in the Sion of their God  
 Their happy lot is cast.

## VERSES

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF THE REV. — TO MISS B—.

**O** THOU, heav'n and earth's Creator,  
 We the subjects of thy care,  
 Bless thee for thy favors, greater  
 Than our best deservings are.  
 By thy providence united,  
 We the nuptial gift enjoy ;  
 Each to each endear'd, delighted,  
 Bound in love's mysterious tie.

Raise, O raise a nobler passion,  
 May thy love our hearts inflame;  
 'Tis our sweetest consolation,  
 Lord, to know thy precious name.  
 Join'd to Thee in mystic union,  
 Heavenly fellowship we prove,  
 Keep us still in sweet communion,  
 O thou boundless Source of love!

Rais'd above delusive splendor,  
 Conscious of our birth divine,  
 Life we would to thee surrender,  
 Patterns in thy church to shine.  
 O vouchsafe but this fruition,  
 Lord, to see thy kingdom reign;  
 This be our supreme ambition,  
 Willing souls for Thee to gain.

With our house, like Nun's descendant,  
 May we duty's line pursue,  
 Walking on thine arm dependant,  
 With the heav'nly world in view:  
 This shall gild the way before us,  
 Every painful thought beguile;  
 This shall nobler joys afford us  
 Than the worldling's wine or oil.

G R A T I T U D E  
 FOR A  
*P L E N T I F U L   H A R V E S T .*

**M**AY we with grateful lips record  
 Thy works of love and mercy, Lord !  
 Unnumber'd benefits invite  
 To make this duty our delight.

When we with fear and solemn dread  
 Trembled for our support of bread,  
 Thy bounty spread the hoarded good,  
 And fill'd our mouths with joy and food.

Once more a large and joyful crop  
 Revives the reapers' fainting hope ;  
 Nor cank'ring bane, nor hostile band,  
 Has spoil'd the produce of our land.

With kindly rays thy favors smile  
 On Britain's long-befriended Isle ;  
 And still beneath thy shade we rest,  
 With peace, and living mercies blest.

Help us to render, Lord, to thee,  
 The grateful heart and suppliant knee ;  
 Mindful thy precious gifts to own,  
 Sweetly uniting all in one.

We bless thy name for suns and show'rs,  
 And all the good that nature pours ;



But, oh ! Thyself, and thy rich grace,  
Transcend our noblest strains of praise.

Pour out thy Spirit, Lord, and bless  
Thy churches with a large increase,  
Till, rich and fair, an harvest rise  
To the bright garner in the skies.

## M A Y - D A Y.

**L** OVELY smiles the blooming May,  
In a vest of nature gay ;  
Pleasure's lover she invites  
To a feast of chaste delights.

Would we tread the fertile fields,  
Reap the sweets that nature yields ?  
From the verdure or the bloom  
Gather honey or perfume ?

This should be our happy skill,  
First the love of God to feel,  
Warmly glowing on the soul ;  
This would new-create the whole.

God in Christ, divinely ours,  
Gives a fragrance new to flow'rs :  
How delightful then to rove  
Thro' the meadow or the grove !

Ev'ry cowslip we behold,  
 Ting'd with this would shine in gold :  
 Daiesies that adorn their soil,  
 Would delight us with a smile.

Hills and dales, and verdant woods,  
 Running rills, and rolling floods ;  
 Summer, autumn, winter, spring,  
 Then would seem to laugh and sing !

God in all would then be seen,  
 Loving to the sons of men ;  
 Like the scale in Jacob's dream,  
 All his works would lead to him.

O possess me, Lord, of this,  
 Soul of all created blifs !  
 Then a rural walk would be  
 A delightful rove to Thee.

May I, when thy works I view,  
 Learn to yield Thee praises due,  
 With my very heart and tongue,  
 Now, and in an endless song !

*The Christians' Safety, and Expectation.*

**I**N goodness how surpassing, Lord,  
 Are all thy works and ways ;  
 Fain would my heart their sum record,  
 And give Thee equal praise.

The sun ascends the heav'nly road,  
 Obedient to thy will,  
 And calls the creature man abroad  
 His labours to fulfil.

He all the day pursues his line,  
 And when the ev'ning's come,  
 Wearied his head in shades recline,  
 And angels guard his room.

Nor beasts, nor wily fiends of prey,  
 Dare his repose molest;  
 The pow'rs that watch his limbs by day,  
 Preserve them when they rest.

In goodness how surpassing, Lord,  
 Are all thy works and ways !  
 Let saints thy bounteous love record,  
 Who taste thy matchless grace :

Wak'd by the Gospel's pow'rful smile,  
 The work divine pursue ;  
 And gladly bear whatever toil  
 Thy will appoints them to.

Patient the sweet reward they wait,  
 And when the ev'ning's come,  
 They quit this life's laborious state,  
 To rest secure at home.

Then sin, that hateful beast of prey,  
 Dares them no more molest :  
 Sure none so happy then as they,  
 So favor'd and so blest !



In goodness how surpassing, Lord,  
 Are all thy works and ways !  
 Well may they then thy love record  
 In everlasting praise.

## ON CHARITY.

*Written while a Patient in the INFIRMARY  
 at HULL.*

**H**AIL, Charity! thou dearest name that's known  
 In yonder worlds above, or this our own !  
 May ev'ry tongue terrestrial and divine  
 To celebrate thy praise in concert join.  
 From thine eternal fount incessant rise  
 Exub'rant floods of never-fating joys ;  
 Angelic bosoms drink from thee their fill,  
 And ceaseless upon earth the bliss distil.  
 Fraught with the gift divine, the grateful mind  
 Glows with expanded love to all mankind ;  
 Compassionates the lame and languid poor,  
 And join'd with wealth, attempts the friendly  
 cure.

Lo! rais'd on love's firm base, yon beauteous  
 pile !

Where pity meets her guests with gen'rous smile ;  
 Pours in the healing art for their relief,  
 Soothes the keen smart of complicated grief,  
 Supplies their wants with right-adapted fare,  
 And adds th'attentive nurse's lenient care :  
 Meanwhile the soul with fiercer woes oppress'd,  
 The med'cine finds, which sacred truths suggest.

O Thou ! who at Bethesda's crowded pool  
 Compassion shew'dst, and made the helpless  
                   whole,  
 (Diseas'd in body, as defil'd in soul !)  
 Deign, Great Physician ! of thy grace to bring  
 The sov'reign balms which from thy goodness  
                   spring ;

The means, propitious, bless ; O ! may they prove  
 Health to the sick, and ev'ry plaint remove ;  
 The end obtain for which they were bestow'd,  
 To raise the man, or make him meet for God ;  
 His labour to society restore,  
 Or fit him for those joys which last for evermore.

Then shall these porches, where th' infirm  
                   repair,  
 Resound the praise of Heav'n's indulgent care ;  
 All then shall hail, sweet CHARITY ! thy plan,  
 Which glory gives to God, and health to man.

## E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

JOHN THORNTON, *Esq.*

**S**HALL Sion's harp in silence rest unstrung,  
 Or gratitude her filial task refuse ?  
 Must Heav'n recall her bounteous gifts unfung,  
 And THORNTON sleep unnotic'd by the muse ?

When useful lives diminish'd are on earth,  
 Sion may well let fall the mournful tear ;  
 Yet God will with his gracious arms beneath  
 Support her still, and make her wants his care.

Grateful to Heav'n, may I my sonnet raise,  
 Nor leave unsung the bounties of its love,  
 Till brighter beams from Jesu's blissful face  
 Attune my harp to notes divine above.

A substitute for multitudes I sing  
 The healing bounties of his lib'ral hand ;  
 O'er indigence he spread the downy wing,  
 And precious balms distill'd on ev'ry land.

As Sol's bright beams on all the nations smile,  
 And fruitful show'rs without distinction fall ;  
 So his benevolence and pious toil  
 Without exception sought the good of all.

Nor felt he for their outward wants alone,  
 The soul, more precious, claim'd his nobler  
 care ;  
 In Sion's wastes he laid the corner stone,  
 While prudence plac'd a guardian angel there.

Thus where a rueful dreary desert frown'd,  
 With weeds of vice and error rampant grown,  
 A garden now appears with blossoms crown'd  
 From seed celestial of the gospel sown.

An advocate for Sion's cause he stood,  
 Where'er dispers'd the spacious earth around,



He lov'd the work and image of his God,  
Howe'er in ashes or affliction found.

But trace we streams so copious to their head,  
Whence ev'ry good unmeasur'd forth descends,  
The love of Christ! this on his bosom shed,  
New principled his life, and fix'd its ends.

Not to himself but to his God he liv'd,  
Who had vouchsaf'd to him the bounteous  
loan;  
Freely dispens'd what he so free receiv'd,  
Nor dar'd to deem those talents as his own.

His heart, constrain'd by love's expanding ray,  
Delighted his great Master's work to do;  
Intrepid march'd he on the pleasing way,  
And God, approving, made it prosp'rous too.

Not sway'd by maxims of an evil age,  
Where sensuality or avarice rules;  
His were the precepts of th' unerring page,  
Tho' mock'd by infidels or scoff'd by fools.

Humble, discreet, compassionate, sincere,  
He sought his God to serve while here on earth;  
Faith in Christ's name forbade his ev'ry fear,  
Brighten'd his views and gilt the shades of  
death.

So liv'd the Christian, and so died he too!  
May his bright virtues in his children smile!  
Conspicuous, fair, the parent's graces shew,  
The friends of God, and lustre of our isle!

Adorn'd with these, the honors from above,  
 (Blessings which far transcend created things)  
 May they at length to yon bright clime remove,  
 Where now in bliss their honor'd parent sings.

Finish'd the work appointed him to do,  
 He has with all the just in peace sat down;  
 A starry wreath now decks his faithful brow,  
 (O blest reward!) a never-fading crown!

AN

## E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

*The Reverend Mr. ADAM,**Late Rector of Wintringham in Lincolnshire.*

AND shall a star, illustriously divine,  
 Move off the orbit of the gospel line,  
 And none attempt the melancholy moan,  
 Or thankful own Heav'n's long indulgent loan?  
 Must my dull muse (so tardy in her flight)  
 Dare to ascend the pure meridian height,  
 Place his chaste virtues in the beams of day,  
 The minister, the friend, and saint display?  
 'Tis what my conscious gratitude would do }  
 To pay the long arrear of love I owe, }  
 Nor would I ever less, or can I more bestow. }  
 Come then, celestial flame, my bosom fire,  
 Melt, animate, compose, direct, inspire;

Inscribe with love's sweet energy the whole,  
Deep in my heart, and lasting as my soul.

As when the sun behind a cloud ascends,  
Nor shews its face till half its journey ends,  
So Moses' veil hung o'er his upright soul  
Till forty years had form'd their ample roll ;  
Then sacred light broke thro' the mental shade,  
And all his building fair in ruins laid ;  
As one struck dumb he made a public pause,  
Left, running, he revers'd Jehovah's laws ;  
Reluctant to declare a Christ unknown,  
Till faith and love had made him first his own.  
But God, whose grace so freely intervenes,  
Nor leaves unfinish'd what he once begins,  
Reveal'd in him the soul-supporting hope,  
Bade him rejoice, and in his name stand up ;  
Bade him proclaim to souls diseas'd around,  
If sick of sin there's a physician found.

Griev'd he beheld our Sion in the dust,  
Her walls demolish'd, and her watchmen lost ;  
Then like a giant strong, refresh'd with wine,  
His vig'rous soul assay'd the work divine ;  
Painful, pathetic, from the sounding board,  
From house to house, too, he proclaim'd the word,  
But souls supine, or up to pleasures giv'n,  
Lightly esteem'd the embassy of Heav'n.  
When honest love a disappointment meets,  
It mourns its fate, and from the world retreats ;  
So griev'd this shepherd o'er his thoughtless care,  
In sighs, and groans, and violence of prayer.  
With pangs severer than a mother's throes,  
Pour'd out the sad accumulated woes.



" Bent on the world and fading pleasures, they  
 " Will not, O Lord ! thy call of love obey.  
 " Too happy or too busy they are found,  
 " In families and farms, or purchas'd ground :  
 " Or (O what pleas by blinded finners us'd !)  
 " Unlearn'd and poor they beg to be excus'd.  
 " In nature's dreadful sleep secure they be ;  
 " They spurn the message sent, my God ! by thee.  
 " The work so mighty far exceeds my pow'r ;  
 " O shew thyself the glorious Conqueror.  
 " Speak where I cannot, speak into the heart,  
 " The will subdue, and bid the stone depart :  
 " Chase the thick veil away from off their eyes,  
 " And bid the dead in sin to life arise.  
 " Nor hence my God their candlestick remove,  
 " 'Till they repent, and turn to Thee in love.  
 " Crown all my wishes in this glorious grant ;  
 " Mine honour I resign, Thine, only thine, I  
 " want."

And can a pray'r so daily offer'd up,  
 Fail in its season to receive a crop ?  
 Tho' others reapers of the harvest be,  
 The seed, dear man ! the seed was sown by thee.  
 Deaf to the sound of fascinating fame,  
 His pattern was the meek and lowly Lamb.  
 His breast, by popular applause unmov'd,  
 Sought only this, to be by God approv'd.  
 Retir'd, he found a sacred solitude,  
 With pain and pleasure blest, known only to the  
 good.

Studious the path divine of life to scan,  
 Which glory gives to God, and peace to man.  
 No advocate of Antinomian sloth,  
 Or friend to Pharisaic boasted worth ;

Immaculate he held the golden mean,  
 To work—Yet oh! on Christ alone to lean.  
 He all his labours public, and alone,  
 Built on this base, the living corner stone:  
 His darling theme on which he dwelt below,  
 Whence all his pleasures here, and those he's  
     reaping now.

'Twas not the fleece, the flock his bosom fir'd;  
 That was his due, but this he most desir'd.  
 Not like the men of whom the Seer complain'd,  
 Who held the office, but the office stain'd;  
 Unfaithful to their trust, or nodding found,  
 Their clarions dropp'd, or gave th' uncertain  
     found.

Not such the man the muse attempts to sing;  
 He sounded loud; an herald on the wing;  
 From Sinai's top and Calv'ry's mount he blew,  
 A son of thunder, and of comfort too.  
 Tho' modest, punctual to the task assign'd,  
 He labour'd on with an unwearied mind,  
 Reluctant to decline the glorious toil,  
 Or quit the field till he had won the spoil.  
 Laden with years methinks I see him stand,  
 The wishful look, and softly waving hand;  
 With voice persuasive, and with heart sincere,  
 If rocks could feel, the rocks had dropp'd a tear.  
 "Come, my belov'd and long'd for sinners, come,  
 "Come, O my friends! your God invites you  
     "home;  
 "Life, pardon, peace, and all he hath to give,  
 "Are yours, if you are willing to receive;  
 "If hitherto ye have his grace withstood,  
 "And fled the arms of your long suff'ring God,

" Basely his offer'd benefits refus'd,  
 " And vainly dreamt that all would be excus'd;  
 " O now retract the soul-undoing ill,  
 " And my whole heart with pleasing transports  
 " fill.

" Or rather let the God of angels tongues  
 " Receive the praise that to his grace belongs.  
 " If hitherto I've spent my strength for nought,  
 " Toil'd all my day and scarce an handful caught,  
 " O might I now (perhaps my final cast)  
 " Inclose you all, and win you at the last."

When chill'd with age, with pain severe oppress'd,  
 Constrain'd at length from public work to rest,  
 Yet still in him the faithful shepherd shone,  
 Pure as the light, unwearied as the sun:  
 To tend the flock his melting bosom strove,  
 To find an helper meet, possess'd of love,  
 To raise the fallen, animate the faint,  
 Alarm the careless, and build up the saint.  
 Such minor aids he nourish'd at his side,  
 With love paternal, and an hallow'd pride,  
 Beheld with joy their zeal and active pow'rs  
 Employ'd to raise this fallen church of ours,  
 Her ruin'd wall to build, and trumpet from  
 her towers.

Tho' Satan rage, and hell in arms appear,  
 Where God begins, the work must persevere.

As the apostle John (so fame has spoke)  
 With love's sweet theme his aged farewell took,  
 So this dear man, replete with years, assay'd  
 Amidst his flock to deal the mystic bread;



The sweet memorials of his master shew,  
 The blessing pour'd he bade these courts adieu.  
 To fill the measure of his suff'rings up,  
 The last remains of his allotted cup,  
 Patient he staid the sweet command divine,  
 Which call'd him hence in fairer worlds to shine.

In life and death a lovely radiance smil'd,  
 With zeal celestial and with candour mild;  
 Slave to no sect, he trod th' unerring road,  
 Which leads to holiness, which leads to God.  
 Far from the din of controverting noise,  
 He shar'd the sweets of far sublimer joys;  
 With faithfulness discharg'd the mission giv'n,  
 And God, approving, smil'd him into heav'n.

To mend the age, and to enrich mankind,  
 A legacy of love he left behind:  
 His lectures, paraphrase, and sermons, teach,  
 Now Death's cold hand forbids his tongue to  
 preach;  
 Here sterling sense and truths immortal shine,  
 To prove his doctrine and his worth divine.

Nor view we him in past'ral worth alone,  
 The friend and humble saint were both his own;  
 Guiding his heart by the unerring clue,  
 Who loves his God will love his brother too.  
 Here charity's pure flames propitious smile,  
 Profuse of good pour'd in her wine and oil,  
 From love's rich fount the balmy blessings flow'd,  
 In grateful off'ring sacrific'd to God.  
 His gate, like yon celestial he has past,  
 With sweet attraction lur'd her piteous guest.

His friendly aid (howe'er distress'd the case)  
 A succour, counsel, and a comfort was.  
 The widow's fortress, and the aged's prop,  
 The orphan's father, and their morals' hope.  
 One even thread thro' all his conduct ran  
 Of love to God and charity to man.  
 Steady, discreet, compassionate, refin'd,  
 To filial faith he works of mercy join'd.  
 Heav'n's gifts to deal the hand dear friend was  
     thine,  
 Which blest the poor, which blest these limbs  
     of mine.  
 O may my soul, with pain and pleasure fill'd,  
 Ceaseless to God its warmest praises yield;  
 Let all who shar'd the gift, my sonnet join,  
 And sing the blessing temp'ral and divine.

When wond'ring we the vast expanse behold  
 All spangled o'er with gems of living gold,  
 Yet some fair star, amid ten thousand bright,  
 Amazes most, and charms us with delight.  
 So in the subject of my pensive lay  
 Each heav'nly virtue pour'd a rich display;  
 Bright in his conduct, pure, conspicuous glow'd  
 The patient grace of his incarnate God.  
 When wrung with pain, the visitations sore,  
 Stroke upon stroke without complaint he bore.  
 This principle within sent from above,  
 His bitter cup chang'd to a cup of love.  
 But haste we on his closing scene to view,  
 When faith and hope had fought their passage  
     thro'.

When patience, smiling on her lovely throne,  
 Proclaims aloud the conquest all her own.  
 When storms, which late his tabernacle tore,  
 Had spent their rage, to beat on him no more.  
 How peaceful and serene his ev'ning sky,  
 With Jesus in his heart, salvation in his eye!  
 As when from honest toil the weary rest,  
 And calmly wait awhile the downy guest,  
 So this good man, a blessing here on earth,  
 Ceas'd from his toil, and dropp'd asleep in death.  
 A sweet behest came radiant from above,  
 And bore his soul away on wings of love;  
 Refulgent, wide the dazzling portal flies,  
 To welcome ADAM into Paradise.

An useful length of years he journey'd thro',  
 An useful length of fourscore years and two;  
 But now he's gone, the faithful pastor's dead,  
 Or rather lives triumphant with his Head.  
 No more we hear his tongue's persuasive lore,  
 To gain the souls whose sins his Master bore.  
 The lib'ral hand no more its balm bestows,  
 To sooth the smart of complicated woes.  
 The gen'rous breast where once compassion  
     reign'd,  
 Now melts no more, by icy death restrain'd.  
 The hallow'd clay which long the conflict bore,  
 Now rests in peace till time shall be no more;  
 It slumbers now beneath yon humble sod,  
 A breathless temple of the living God;  
 Ordain'd the final trump with joy to hear,  
 When Christ shall on the great white throne  
     appear,  
 Spring from the bursting tomb, and meet him  
     in the air.



O then (the chilling thought my breast annoys,  
 And almost freezes up my warmest joys)  
 A witness swift this man of God must be  
 'Gainst souls obdure who spurn'd his ministry;  
 Who barter'd pearls for sordid toys of earth,  
 And careless danc'd the downward road to death;  
 Or sleeping o'er the awful brink of fate,  
 Ne'er fear'd the danger, till they fear'd too late.  
 How will it pain their souls at that great day,  
 That light they had, but would not light obey.  
 Avert, good God! the sad impending doom,  
 Ere that dread scene of retribution come;  
 Nor e'er to recompence thy slighted love,  
 The joyful sound of thy free grace remove.  
 Rather may we of this yet favour'd town  
 Embrace the calls thy pleading love sends down,  
 Thy calls which still reluctant we decline;  
 Bestow the living bread and living wine:  
 Seize the bright hour now hov'ring in her flight,  
 The patient offer of a gospel light;  
 Right thankfully receive the blessing giv'n,  
 And swell the triumphs of our friend in heav'n.

To thee, O God! to thee be endless praise,  
 For all thy gifts of providence and grace,  
 For Christian ministers, and faithful friends,  
 For ev'ry good thy kind compassion sends.  
 Grateful for what thy sov'reign will bestows,  
 Nor, hopeless, mourning when thy gifts we lose.  
 Center'd in Thee our souls would dwell secure,  
 Tho' friends depart to bless the world no more.

Ride on, victorious King, thy servants own,  
 And add new lustre daily to their crown ;  
 Thine own just praise advance, and Antichrist  
 pull down. }

Shepherd divine ! lead on thy tender care,  
 Meet for thyself thy purchas'd flock prepare ;  
 From pole to pole extend thy saving name,  
 From east to west thy matchless love proclaim,  
 Till ev'ry land adjacent and abroad  
 Become the land of our incarnate God.

Thy penfive few in thy protection keep,  
 Safe in thy fold amid thy chosen sheep ;  
 Their names increase, their graces multiply,  
 And give them each a mansion in the sky.  
 With bands of love inseparably join  
 To thy dear self, and them, this soul of mine.  
 Now tempest-toft, on life's tumultuous main,  
 May she at length the peaceful haven gain ;  
 There with my friend in humble transport join,  
 Immortal, incorruptible, divine.

AN HYMN,  
 FOR THE USE OF  
 A BENEFIT CLUB,  
 BEFORE THE SERMON.

**T**O Thee, O God, to Thee belongs,  
 The Tribute of our grateful songs;  
 Thy goodness infinite, demands  
 Devoted hearts, and lifted hands.

Our lives a forfeit long have been  
 To death, the just desert of sin;  
 But, oh! thy clemency forbears,  
 And lengthens out our wasting years.

The subjects of thy patient grace,  
 We now appear before thy face;  
 O look with eyes propitious down,  
 And bless our friendship with thy own.

O make us of one heart and mind!  
 To sympathy and love inclin'd,  
 Averse to riot and excess,  
 The duteous sons of holiness.

As falling show'rs on thirsty hills,  
 Or vallies blest with pleasant rills,  
 So may thy love divinely roll  
 In fruitful streams thro' ev'ry soul.



Then will our friendly union be  
 Delightful to ourselves and Thee,  
 Like fragrant oil, which trickled down  
 O'er Aaron's robes, from Aaron's crown

Command a blessing, gracious Lord,  
 On all who now attend thy word;  
 The willing ear and heart incline,  
 And let it prove a feast divine!

Now to the great JEHOVAH be  
 (One glorious undivided Three)  
 Eternal songs of praises giv'n,  
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n!

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F I N I S.